THE
EBELLION:
A
TRAGEDIE.

Written by T. Rawlins

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The Actors names.

THe *King.*
Antonio, a Count.
Machvile, a Count.
Alerzo
Fulgentio } Three Spaniſh Colonells.
Pandolpho
Petruchio, Governour of *Filford.*
Raymond, a Moore Generall of the French Army.
Leonis
Gilberty } Three French Colonells.
Firenzo
Sebaſtiano, *Petruchios* Son in the diſguiſe of a Ta
cal'd *Giavinno* in love with *Evadne.*
An old *Tayler.*
Virmine his man.
Captaine of the *Bandetty.*
Two *Ruffians.*

Philippa the Moores Wife.
Auriſtilla, *Machvils* Wife.
Evadne, *Antonios* Siſter.
Aurelia, *Sebaſtianos* Siſter.
Nurſe attendant to *Evadne.*

Attendants.

THE REBELLION: A TRAGEDY.

Enter severally, Alerzo, Fulgentio, and Pandolpho.

Alerzo. Gollonell

Ful. Signior *Alerzo.*

Aler. Heere.

Pan. Signiors well met: The lazy morne has scarcely trim'd herselfe
To entertaine the Sun; she still retaines
The slimy tincture of the banisht night:
I hardly could discerne you.

Aler. But you appeare fresh as a City Bridegroome,
That has sign'd his wife a warrant for the
Grafting hornes; how fares *Belinda*,
After the weight of so much sin? you lay with her

To night; come, ſpeake, did you take up on truſt,
Or have you pawn'd a Collony of Oathes?
Or an imbroydered Belt? or have you tane
The Courtiers tricke, to lay your ſword at morgage?
Or perhaps a Feather? 'twill ſerve in trafficke,
To returne her Ladiſhip, a Fanne, or ſo.

Pan. Y'are merry.

Ful. Come be free,
Leave modeſty for women to gild
Their pretty thriving Art of plentitude,
To inrich their Husbands browes with cornucopiaes:
A Souldier and thus baſhfull!
Poxe be open.

Pan. Had I the Poxe good Colonell, I ſhould ſtride
Farre opener then I doe:
But pox o'the faſhion.

Aler. Count *Antonio.* *To them enter Antonio.*

Ful. Tho he appeare freſh as a bloome
That newly kiſt the Sun, adorn'd with pearly
Drops, flung from the hand of the roſe finger'd morne,
Yet in his heart lives a whole Hoſt of valour.

Pan. Hee appeares
A ſecond *Mars.*

Aler. More powerfull ſince he holds Wiſedome
And Vallour captive. { *Whilſt they ſalute Antonio*

Ful. Let us ſalute him. { *enters Count Machvile.*

Mach. Ha how cloſe they ſtrike,
As if they heard a winged thunder-bolt, threaten'd his death
And each ambitious were to loſe his life;
So it might purchaſe him a longer being:
Their breath ingenders like two peacefull winds,
That joyne a friendly league, and fill the ayre
With ſilken muſicke.
I may paſſe by and ſcarce be ſpar'd a looke,
Or any elſe but yong *Antonio.*
Riſe from thy ſcorching Den thou ſoule of miſchiefe,

My

never pleaſe elſe; all will not doe, I muſt take it home,
for no cauſe but to bring it her againe next morning. Wee
Taylors are the men ſpight o'the Proverbe, Ladies cannot
live without. It is wee
That pleaſe them beſt, in their commodity:
There's magick in our habits, Taylors can
Prevaile 'bove him, honour ſtile's beſt of man.

Evad. Bid him draw neere.

Nur. Come hither love, ſweet chucke
My Ladye calls,

Gio. What meanes this woman? ſure ſhe loves me too,
Taylors ſhall ſpeed had they no tongues to wooe:
Women woa'd ſue to them.

Evad. What have you done it now?

Gio. Maddam your gowne by my induſtry
Is purg'd of errours.

Evad. Lord what a neate methodicall way you have
To vent your Phraſes; pray when did you commence?

Gio. What meane you Madam?

Evad. Doctor I meane, you ſpeake ſo phyſicall.

Nur. Nay Madam 'tis a youth, I praiſe my ſtarrs
For their kind influence, a woman may be proud on,
And I am.
O'tis a youth in print, a new *Adonis*,
And I could wiſh, although my glaſſe tells me
I'me wondrous faire, I were a *Venus* for him.

Gio. O Lady, you are more fairer by farre.

Nur. La you there Madam.

Gio. Where art thou man? art thou transform'd?
Or art thou growne ſo baſe that
This redieulous witch ſhould thinke I love her?

Evad. Leave us.

Nur. I goe
Ducke, Ile be here anon;
I will Dove. *Exit.*

Gio. At your beſt leaſure.

Protect me man-hood, least my glutted sence
Feeding with such an eager appetite on
Your rare beauty, breaking the sluces,
Burst into a flood of passionate teares;
I must, I will enjoy her, though a
Destroying clap from *Joves* Artillery were the reward:
And yet dull-daring sir by your favour no,
He must be more than savage can attempt *aside.*
To injure so much spotlesse innocence:
Pardon great Powers the thought of such offence.
Evad. When *Sabastiano* clad in conquering steele,
And in a phrase able to kill, or from a cowards heart
Banish the thought of feare; wo'd me,
Won not so much upon my captive soule
As this youths silence does: *aside.*
Helpe me some power out of this tangling maze,
I shall be lost else.
Gio. Feare to the breast of women,
Build thy throne on their soft hearts;
Mine must not be thy slave.
Your pleasure Madam.
Evad. I have a question must be directly answer'd,
No excuse, but from thy heart a truth.
Gio. Command me Madam, were it a secret
On whose hinges hung the casements of my life,
Yet your command shall be obey'd; to the least
Scruple.
Evad. I take your word,
My aged *Nurse* tells me you love her,
Answer; i'st a truth?
Gio. She's jealous, Ile try;
As Oracle.
Evad. (Ha)
Gio. 'tis so, ile further; I love her Madam,
With as rich a flame as Anchorits
Doe Saints they offer prayers too:

I hug her memory as I wou'd embrace
The breath of *love*, when it pronounc'd me
Happy; or Prophet, that should speake my
After life great, even with adoration deified.
Evad. My life, like to a bubble i'th aire,
Dissolv'd by some uncharitable winde,
Denyes my body warmth: your breath
Has made me nothing. *(She faints.*
Gio. Rather let me lose all externall being.
Madam, good Madam.
Evad. You say you love her.
Gio. Madam, I doe.
Can any love the beauty of a stone,
Set by some curious Artist in a Ring,
But he must attribute some to
The File that addes unto the lustre?
You appeare like to a Jemme, cut by the
Steddy hand of carefull Nature, into such
Beautious Tablets, that dull Art,
Famous in skilfull flattery, is become
A Novice in what Fame proclaim'd him Doctor;
He cann't expresse one sparke of your great lustre.
Madam, 'those Beauties that, but studied on
By their admirers, are deifi'd, serve
But as spots, to make your red and white
Envy'd of Cloisterd Saints.
Evad. Have I ungratefull man, like to the Sun,
That from the Heavens sends downe his
Cherishing beames on some religious plant,
That with a bow the worship of the
Thankfull, payes the preserver of his life,
And groth: But thou, unthankfull man,
In scorne of me, to love a Callender of many
Yeares.
Gio. Madam, upon my knees, a superstitious Rite,
The Heathens us'd to pay their gods, I offer up.

A life, that untill now nere knew a price;
Made deare because you love it.

Evad. Arise; it is a Ceremony due unto none but heaven.

Gio. Here Ile take roote, and grow into my grave,
Unlesse deare goddesse you forget to bee
Cruell to him adores you with a zeale,
Equall to that of Hermits.

Evad. I believe you, and thus exchange a devout vow,
Humbly upon my knees, that though the
Thunder of my brothers rage should force divorce,
Yet in my soule to love you; witnesse all
The wing'd inhabitants of the highest heaven.

Gio. If suddaine lightning, such as vengefull *Love*
Clearres the infectious ayre with, threatn'd to
Scorch my daring soule to Cynders, if I
Did love you, Lady, I wo'd love you, spight
Of the dogged Fates, or any power
Those curst Hagges set to oppose me.

To them enter Nurse.

Evad. Be thy selfe againe.

Nurs. Madam, your Brother.

Evad. Fye, you have done it ill, our brother, say you?
Pray you take it home and mend it.

Gio. Madam, it shall be done; I take my leave.
Love I am made thy envy; I am he
This Votresse prayes unto, as unto thee:
Taylers are more than men; and here's the odds,
They make fine Ladyes; Ladyes make them gods:
And so they are not men, but farre above them:
This makes the Tailers proud; then Ladies love them. *Exit*

Antonio *meets him.*

Ant. What's he that past?

Evad. My Tailer.

Ant. Theres something in his face I sure should know.
But sister to your Beads; pray for distress'd *Scivel*;
Whilst I mount some watch tower.

To o're-looke our enemies, religious lawes
Commands me fight for my lov'd Countries cause. *Exit.*
Evad. Love bids me pray, and on his Altars make
A Sacrifice, for my lov'd Taylers sake. *Exit.*
Alarum. Enter Raymond, Philippa, Leonis, Gilberty, *and* Fyrenzo.
Ray. Stand. *Leo.* Stand.
Gil. Stand.
Fir. Give the word through the Army, stand there.
Within. Stand, stand, stand, stand hoe.
Ray. Bid the Drum cease, whilst we embrace our love:
Come my *Philippa*, like the twins of warre,
Lac'd in our steely Corslets, we're become
The envy of those braine begotten gods,
Mouldy Antiquity lifted to Heaven:
Thus we exchange our breath; *kisses.*
Phil. My honour'd Lord,
Duty commands, I pay it backe againe,
'Twill waste me into smoake else.
Can my body retaine that breath, that wou'd
Consume an Army, dreſt in a rougher habit.
Pray deliver (come I'me a gentle thiefe)
The breath you stole.
Ray. Restore back mine ——So, goe pitch our tent, we'le
Have a Combate i'th field of love, with thee
Philippa, ere we meet the foe: thou art
A friendly enemy. How say you Lords,
Does not my Love appeare,
Like to the issue of the braine of *Iove*,
Governesse of Armes and Arts, *Minerva!*
Or a selected beauty from a troop of *Amazons.*
Lords. She is a Mine of valour.
Phil. Lords spare your praises till like *Bradamant*,
The mirrour of our Sexe, I make the foe
Of *France* and us, crouch like a whelpe,
Aw'd by the heaving of his Masters hand;

My heart runnes through my arme, and when I deale
A blow, it ſinkes a ſoule:
My ſword flyes nimbler than the bolts of *Ioue*,
And wounds as deepe: *Spaine*, thy proud hoſt ſhall feele
Death has bequeath'd his office to my ſteele.

Ray. Come on brave Lords, upon your Generalls word,
Philippa loves no parley, like the ſword. *Exeunt.*

Enter Giovannno, *old* Taylor, Virmine, *and two more.*

Gio. Come bullies, come; wee muſt forſake the uſe of nimble ſheeres, and now betake us to our Spaniſh needles, *Stelletto* blades, and prove the Proverbe lyes, lyes in his throat: one Tayler can erect ſixteene, nay more, of upſtart Gentlemen, knowne by their Cloathes, and leave enough materialls in hell to damne a broker.

Old. We muſt to the wars my boyes.

Virm. How Maſter, to the warres?

Old. I to the warres *Virmine*, what ſayſt thou to that?

Virm. Nothing, but that I had rather ſtay at home: O the good penny bread at breakfaſts that I ſhall loſe! Maſter, good Maſter let me alone, to live with honeſt *Iohn*, noble *Iohn Blacke.*

2 *Tay.* Wilt thou diſgrace thy worthy calling, *Virmine*?

Virm. No, but I am afraid my calling will diſgrace me: I ſhall be gaping for my mornings loafe, and dramme of Ale; I ſhall; and now and then look for a Cabbich leafe, or an odde remnant to cloath my baſhfull buttocks.

Old. You ſhall.

Virm. Yes marry; why I hope poore *Vermine* muſt bee fed, and will be fed, or Ile torment you.

Gio. Maſter I take priviledge from your love to hearten on my fellowes.

Old, I, I; doe, doe good boy. *Exit.*

Gio. Come my bold fellowes, let us eternize,

For

For our Countries good, ſome noble act
That may by time be Regeſtred at full;
And as the yeare renewes, ſo ſhall our fame
Be freſh to after times: the Taylers name,
So much trod under, and the ſcorne of all
Shall by this act be high whilſt others fall.

3 *Tay.* Come Vermine, come.

Virm. Nay if virmine ſlip from the backe of a Tayler, ſpit him with a Spaniſh Needle; or torment him in the louſes Engin: your two thumbe nailes. *Exit all but Giovanne.*

Gio. The City ſeig'd, and thou thus chain'd
In ayrie fetters of a Ladies love;
It muſt not be, ſtay, 'tis *Evadne's* love;
Her life is with the City ruin'd, if the
French become victorious:
Evadne muſt not dye, her Chaſter name
That once made cold, now doth my blood inflame. *Exit.*

Act Second. Scene 1.

A Table and Chaires.

Enter (after a ſpoute crying Antonio,*) the Governour and Count* Machvile.

Gov.

HEll take their ſpacious throates, we ſhall e're long
Be pointed as a prodige;
Antonio is the man they loade with praiſe,
And we ſtand as a Cypher to advance
Him by a number higher.

Mach. Now *Machvile* plot his ruine, *aſide.*
It is not to be borne; are not you our
Maſters ſubſitude? then why ſhould he

Uſurpe a priviledge without your leave,
To preach unto the people a Doctrine
They ought not heare:
He incites 'em not to obey your charge,
Unleſſe it be to knit a friendly league
With the oppoſing *French*, laying before 'em
A troope of fained dangers will inſue,
If we doe bid 'em battle.
Gov. Dares he doe this?
Mach. 'Tis done already;
Smother your anger and you ſhall ſee, here
At the Counſell boarde he'le breake into a
Paſſion; ---- which ile provoke him to. ---- *aſide.*

To them Antonio, Alerzo, Fulgentio, and Pandolpho: they ſit in Counſell.

Gov. Never more neede, my worthy partners, in
The dangerous brunts of Iron warre, had we
Of Counſell: the hot rain'd *French*, led by that
Haughty Moore, (upon whoſe ſword ſits
Victory inthron'd) daily increaſe;
And like the Army of another *Xerxes*,
Make the o're burthen'd earth groane at their weight.
We cannot long hold out; nor have we hope
Our Royall Maſter can raiſe up their Seige
E're we be forc't to yeeld:
My Lord your counſell 'tis a deſperate griefe.
Mach. And muſt my Lord finde undelaid releaſe?
Noble Commanders ſince that warres grim god,
After our ſacrifice of many lives,
Neglects our offerings, and repayes our ſervice
With loſſe; 'tis good to deale with policy.
He's no true Souldier that deales heedleſſe blowes
With the indangering of his life; and may
Walke in a ſhade of ſafety, yet o'rethrow

His towering enemy.
Great *Alexander* made the then knowne world
Slave to his powerfull will, more by the helpe
Of polliticke wit,
Than by the ruffe compultion of the ſword.
Troy that indur'd the *Grecians* ten yeares Siege,
By pollicy was fir'd, and became
Like to a lofty Beacon all on flame.
Gov. Hum, hum.
Mach. Suppoſe the *French* be markt for conquerers:
Starrs have bin croſt, when at a naturall birth
They dart prodigious beames; their influence
Like to the flame of a new lighted Tapor,
Has with the breath of pollicy bin blowne
Out, even to nothing.
Ful. Hum, hum.
Aler. This has bin ſtudied.
Pan. He's almoſt out.
Gov. Good,
But to the matter;
Your counſell.
Mach. 'Tis this my Lord;
That ſtraight before the *French* have piteht their Tents,
Or rais'd a worke before our City walls;
As yet their ſhips have not o're ſpread the ſea,
We ſend a Regiment that may with ſpeed
Land on the Marſhes, and begirt their backes,
Whilſt we open our Gates, and with a ſtrong aſſault
Force 'em retreat into the armes of death:
So the revengefull earth ſhall be their tombe,
That did ere while trample her teeming wombe.
Gov. *Machvile* ſpeakes Oracle;
What ſayes *Antonio?* *Ant.* Nothing.
Gov. How? *Ant.* Nothing. *Mach.* It takes: revenge,
I hugge thee; yong Lord thou 'art loſt. *aſide.*
Gov. Speake *Antonio* your counſell.

Ant.

Ant. Nothing. *Gov.* How? - *Ant.* So;
And could my wiſh obtaine a ſudden grant
From yon Tribunall, I would crave, my ſences
Might be all ſteept in *Lethe*, to forget
What *Machvile* has ſpoken.
Mach. Ha, it takes unto my wiſh. *aſide.*
Why *Antonio?* *Ant.* Becauſe you ſpeake
Not like a man, that were poſſeſt with a
Meere Souldiers heart; much leſſe a ſoule guarded
With ſubtle ſinewes: O madneſſe, can there be
In nature ſuch a prodegie ſo ſenceleſſe,
So much to be wondred at,
As can applaud or lend a willing eare
To that my bluſhes doe betray I've bin
Tardy to heare? your childiſh pollicy.
Gov. *Antonio* you're too bold; this uſurpt liberty
To abuſe a man of ſo much merit, is not
Seemely in you: nay Ile terme it ſawcineſſe.
Ant. Nay then my Lord, I claime the priviledge
Of a Counſeller, and will object.
This my Propheticke feares, whiſper'd my heart:
When from a watch Tower I beheld the *French*
Erect their ſpeares; which like a mighty Grove
Denied my eyes any other object:
The tops ſhowd by a ſtolen reflection from
The Sun like Diamonds, or as the glorious
Guilder of the day, ſhould daine a lower viſit.
Then my warme blood; that us'd to play like
Summer, felt a change; Gray-bearded winter
Froze my very ſoule, till I became
Like the *Pyrenian* Hills, rapt in a roabe of Ice:
My Atticke feares froze me into a ſtatue.
Aler. Cowardly *Antonio.*
Ful. I have loſt my faith,
And can behold him now without a wonder.
Gov. *Antonio*, y'are too long and wracke our patience;

Your counsell?

Ant. I fear'd, but what? not our proud enimies
No, did they burthen all our *Spanish* world
And I, poore I, onely survi'd to threat defiance
In the Mounsiers teeth, and stand Defendant
For my Countries cause; naked, unarm'd.
I'de through their bragging Host, and pay my life
A Sacrifice to death, for my lov'd Countries safety.

Aler. Fulgentio thou hast not lost
Thy faith?

Ful. Noe, i'me reformed he's valiant.

Go. *Antonio* your counsell.

Ma. I your counsell.

An. Our foes increase to an unreckon'd number:
We lesse then nothing, since we have no hope
To arrive a number, that may cope with
Halfe their Army.
'Tis my counsell we strike a league:
'Tis wisedome to sue peace, where powerfull Fate
Threatens a ruine: least repent too late.

Ful. 'Tis god-like Counsell.

Aler. And becomes the tongue of yong *Antonio.*

Gov. *Antonio* let me tell you, you have lost
Your valiant heart; I can with safety now
Terme you a Coward.

Ant. Ha.

Gov. Nay more,
Since by your Oratory, you strive
To rob your Country of a glorious conquest;
That may to after times beget a feare,
Even with the thought should awe the trembling
World; you are a Trayton.

An. Ha my Lord, Coward and Traytor, tis a damned lye,
And in the heart of him dares say't againe
Ile write his errour.

M. 'Tis as I wou'd hav't.

Fu. Noble *Antonio*,
Aler. Brave spirited Lord,
Fu. The mirrour of a Souldier,
Go. O are you mov'd sir, has the deserv'd name
Of Traytor prick't you?
An. Deserv'd? *Machvile* thou lyest, hadst thou a heart
Of harden'd steele, my powerfull Arme
Should pierce it.

They fight all in a confused manner.
Antonio kills the Governour, Machvile falls.

Aler. The Governour
Slaine by *Antonio's* hand?
Fu. No, by the hand of Justice, fly, fly my Lord,
Aler. Send for a Chirurgeon to dresse Count *Machvile*,
He must be now our Governour, the King
Signed it in the dead Governours Commission. *Exeunt fol.*
An. Now I repent too late my rash contempt,
The horrour of a Murther will still
Follow my guilty thoughts, fly where I will. *Exit Antonio.*
Mach. I'me wounded, else Coward *Antonio*
Thou shouldst not fly from my revengefull Arme:
But may my curses fall upon thy head
Heavy as thunder; maist thou dye
Burthen'd with ulcerous sins, whose very
Weight may sinke thee downe to Hell:
Beneath the reach of smooth-fac'd mercies arme.

A shoute within crying Antonio.

Confusion choake your rash officious throates,
And may that breath that speakes his loathed name
Beget a Plague, whose hot infectious aire
May scald you up to blisters, which foretell

A purge of life: up *Macbvile*,
Tho'st thy will, how ere crosse Fate
Divert the peoples hearts; they must perforce
Sue to that Shrine our liking shall erect.
The Governour is dead, *Antonio's* lost
To any thing but death; 'tis our glad fate,
To gripe the staffe of what wee look't for state.
My bloods ambitious, and runs through my veines
Like nimble water through a Leaden Pipe
Up to some barren Mountaine: I must have more,
All wealth in my thoughts to a Crowne is poore.

Enter Giovanno, Evadne and Nurse.

Gio. 'Tis a neate Gowne and fashionable
Madam; i'st not love?

Nur. Upon my Virginity wonderfull handsome:
Deare, when we are married Ile have such a one;
Shall I not chicken? ha.

Gi. What else, kind Nurse.

Nur. Truely you Taylers are the most sanctified members
Of a Kingdome:
How many crooked and untoward bodies have
You set upright, that they goe now so straight in their
Lives and conversation, as the proudest on them all?

Gi. That's certaine, none prouder.

Evad. How meane you sir?

Gi. Faith Madam your crooked moveables in artificiall bodies, that rectifie the deformity of natures over-plus, as bunching backes, or scarcity, as scanty shoulders, are the proudest creatures; you shall have them jet it with an undaunted boldnesse; for the truth is, what they want in substance they have in ayre:
They will scould the Tayler out of his Art,
And impute the defect of nature to his want
Of skill, though his labour make her appearance

Pride worthy.

Nur. Well ſaid my birds eye, ſtand for the credit of
Taylers whilſt thou liveſt; wilt thou not Chucke?
Ha, ſayſt thou my deare?

Gi. I were ungratefull elſe.

Evad. Nurſe pray leave us, your preſence makes your
Sweet heart negligent of what he comes about;
Pray be won to leave us here.

Nur. Madam your will's obay'd,
Yet I can hardly paſſe from thee my love
At ſuch a ſuddaine warning.

Gi. Your eager love may be termed dotage,
For ſhame confeſſe your ſelfe to leſſe expreſſions:
Leave my Lady.

Nur. A kiſſe and then I goe, ſo; farewell my Duck. *Exit.*

Gi. Death ſhe has left a ſcent to poiſon me;
Love her ſaid ſhe, is any man ſo mad, to hugge a diſeaſe,
Or imbrace a colder Image then *Pigmalions*,
Or play with the bird of
Frofty antiquity, not I:
Her gumms ſtinke worſe then a Peſt-houſe,
And more danger of infecting.
As I'me a mortall Tayler; and your ſervant Madam,
Her breath has tainted me I dare not ſalute,
Your Ladiſhip.

Evad. Come you are loath to part with't, 'tis ſo ſweet.

Gi. Sweet ſay you Madam, a muſter of diſeaſes
Can't ſmell worſe, than her rotten teeth.
Excuſe my boldneſſe, to deferre your longing;
Thus I am new created with your breath. *Kiſſes.*
My gaping pores will ne're be ſatisfied.
Againe ------ they ſtill are hungry.

Evad. My deare friend, let not thy lovely perſon
March with the ſcoulding peace affrighting Drum:
War is too cruell: come ile chaine
You here, here in my armes; and ſtiffle you

With

With kisses; you sha'not goe --- by this you sha'not goe.
Gi. By this I must.
Evad. Ile smother that harsh breath. *They kisse.*
Gi. Againe I counter-checke it.

Enter Antoino as pursued, sees them and stands amazed.

Ant. O sister, ha!
What killing sight is this! cannot be she.
Sister.
Evad. O my deare friend, my brother, w'are undon.
Ant. Degenerate girle, lighter than wind or ayre;
Canst thou forget thy birth? or 'cause thou'rt faire
Art privile dg'd, dost thinke with such a zeale
To graspe an under shrub? dare you exchange
Breath with your Taylers, without feare of vengeance
From the desturbed ghosts of our dead Parents,
For their bloods injury? or are your favours
Growne prostitute to all? my unkind Fate
Grieves me not halfe so much, as thee forgetfull.
Gi, Sir if on me this language, I must tell you,
You are too rash to censure. My unworthinesse that makes
Her seeme so ugly in your eyes, perhaps
Hangs in these cloaths; and's shifted off with them.
I am as noble, but that I hate to make
Comparisons, as any you can thinke worthy
To be call'd her husband.
An. Shred of a slave thou lyest.
Gi. Sir I am hasty too; yet in the presence of my
Mistris can use a temper.
An. Brave; your mistris.

Enter Machvile with Officers.

Ma. Lay hold on him,
Ere we presume to meete the enemy
Weele purge the City; lest the wrath of heaven

Fall heavy on us: *Antonio* I arreſt thee
Of Capitall treaſon, 'gainſt the King and Realme.
To priſon with him.
Evad. O my loſt brother!
Gi. 'Tis but an errour, treaſon d'ye call it; to kill
The Governour in heate of blood, and not intended?
For my *Evadne's* ſake, ſomething Ile doe
Shall ſave his life. *Exit.*
Ma. To priſon with him.
An. Farewell *Evadne*, as thou loveſt the peace
Of our dead Anceſtors, ceaſe to love
So loath'd a thing; a Tayler,
Why? 'tis the ſcorne of all; therefore be rul'd
By thy departing Brother, doe not mixe
With ſo much baſeneſſe:
Come Officers, beare me e'ne where you pleaſe,
My oppreſt conſcience no where can have eaſe. *Exit with Officers.*
Ma. Lady we here enjoyne you to
Your Chamber as a priſoner, to
Waite a further cenſure; your brothers
Fault has pul'd a puniſhment upon your head,
Which you muſt ſuffer.
Evad. 'Ene what you pleaſe, your tyranny can't beare
A ſhape ſo bad to make *Evadne* feare:
Strong innocence ſhall guard my afflicted ſoule,
Whoſe conſtancy ſhall tyranny controule. *Exeunt.*

A noiſe within crying Reſcue, Reſcue. Enter Antonio and Guard, to them Giavanno and Taylers and Reſcues him; and beate them off.

Enter a Officer meeting Machvile.

Of. A troope of Taylers by force have tane
Antonio from us, and have borne him (ſpight
Of the beſt reſiſtance we could make) unto ſome

Secret

Secret place, we can not finde him.

Ma. Screech-owle doth know what thou hast sai'd?
Death, finde him or you dye. O my crosse starres,
He must not live to torture our next fence,
But dye; though he had no fault but innocence. *Exit.*

Enter Giovanne, Antonio, and the old Tayler.

Gi. Can this kindnesse merit your love?
Doe I deserve your sister?

An. My sister! worthy Tayler; 'tis a gift lyes not in me to give: aske something else, 'tis thine, although it bee gain'd with the quite extinguishing of this; this breath you gave mee.

Gi. Have not I —— *An.* Speake no further, I confesse you have bin all unto me, life, and being; I breath but with your licence: will no price buy out your interest in me, but her love? I tell thee Tayler, I have blood runs in mee, *Spaine* cannot match for greatnesse, next her Kings. Yet to requite thy love Ile call thee friend, be thou *Antonio's* friend; a favour nobles have thirsted for: will this requite thee?

Gi. Sir this may, but ——

An. My sister thou wouldst say most worthy Tayler, shee is not mine to give; honour spake in my dying Father, 'tis a sentence that's Registred here, in *Antonio's* heart, I must not wed her, but to one in blood calls honour Father: Prethee be my friend, forget I have a sister; in love Ile bee more than a brother; tho' not to mingle blood.

Gi. May I not call her mistresse?

An. As a servant, far from the thoughts of Wedlocke.

Gi. I'me yours, friend I am proud on't; you shall finde,
That though a Tayler, I 'ave an honest mind.
Pray Master helpe my Lord unto a Suite, his life
Lyes at your mercy.

1. *Tay.* Ile warrant you.

An. But for thy men.

1 *Tay.* O they are proud in that they rescued you
And my blood of honour since you are so pleas'd
To grace the now declining Trade of Taylers
By being shrouded in their homely cloaths,
And decke a Shop-board with your noble person;
The taunting scornes, the foule mouth'd
World, can throw upon our needfull Calling
Shall be answered:
They injure honour, since your honour is a
Noble practitioner in our Mistery.

Gi. Cheere up *Antonio*, take him in,
The rest will make him merry; Ile goe try
The temper of a sword upon some Shield
That guards a foe.
Pray for my good successe. *Exit.*

1 *Tay.* Come, come my Lord leave melancholy
To hired slaves, that murther at a price:
Yours was ---

An. No more, flatter not my sin.

1 *Tay.* You are too strikt a convertite, let's in. *Exit.*

After a confused noyse within, Enter Raymond, Leonis, Gilbert hastily.

Ra. What meanes this capering Eccho?
Or from whence did this so lively Counterfeit
Of Thunder, breake out to liberty?

Gil. 'Tis from the City.

Ra. It cannot be, their voyce should out-roare *Iove*;
Our Army like a *Bassiliske*, has strucke
Death through their eyes; our number like a wind,
Broke from the Icy prison of the North,
Has froze the Portalls to their shivering hearts;
They scarce have breath enough to speake't: A *shoute*
They live. *within.*

Gil. 'Ts certainely from thence.

Leo.

Leo. Y'are deceived, poore *Spaniards* feare
Ha's chang'd their elevated Gate to a dejection
Their Planet strooke.
Ra. 'Tis from our jocond Fleet, my *Genius* prompts me;
They have already plough'd the unruly seas,
And with their breasts, proofe 'gainst the battering
Waves dasht the bigge billowes into angry froth,
And spight of the contentious full-mouth'd gods
Of Sea and wind, have reach't the Citty frontiers,
And begirt her Navigable Skirts.
Againe: 'tis so. *againe within.*
Gil. My Creeds another way;
I have no faith but to the City.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier bloody.

Leo. Here's one,
Now we shall know: ha! he appeares
Like one compos'd of horrour.
Ra. What speakes thy troubled front?
Leo. Speak crimson Metor.
Ra. Speake Prodigy, or on my sword thou fallst.
Sol. The bold *Spaniards*, setting aside al cold acknowledg-
Of any oddes, or notice of the number our Army (ment
Is made proud with, sends from their Walls
More lightning, than great *Iove* afrights
The trembling world with, when the aire
Is turned to muteny.
Ra. Villaine thou lyest;
'Twere madnesse to beleeve thee.
Fooliſh *Spaine*, may like those Giants, that
Heapt hill on hill, mountaine on mountaine,
To plucke *Iove* from heaven, who with
A hand of vengeance flung 'em downe beneath
The centure, and those Cloud contemning Mounts,
Heav'd by the strength of their ambitious Armes,

Became their Monuments: so *Spaines* rash
Folly, from this arme of mine, shall find their
Graves amongst the rubbish of their
Ruin'd Cities. *Enter a second souldier.*
What another! thy hasty newes?
2 *Mess.* The daring enemies have through their gates
Made a victorious salley; all our troopes
Have joyntly like the dust before the wind,
Made a dishonoured flight: Harke *Alarum within.*
The Conquering foe makes hitherward.
Ra. Runne to my Tent, fetch my *Philippa*:
Slave why mov'st thou not?
2 *Mess.* The enemy's upon us.
Ra. Shall I send thy coward soule down the *strikes him.*
Vaults of Horrour: flye Villaine, or thou dyest.

Alarum. Enter Machvill, Alerzo, Fulgentio, Pandolpho, *with* Philippa *prisoner*, Giavanno *with Taylers.*

Mach. Let one post to my Castle, and conduct my Lady,
Tell her I have a prisoner wou'd become proud
In her forc't captivity to waite upon her beauty:
Flye, let not the tardy clouds out-saile thee.
Phil. Canst thou proud man thinke that *Philipa's*
Heart, is humbled with her fortunes, (no didst thou
Bring all the rough tortures
From the worlds Child-hood) to this houre invented,
And on my resolute body, proofe against paine,
Practis'd *Scicilian* tyranny.
My Gyant thoughts should like a cloud of wind,
Contemning smoak, mingle with heaven:
And not a looke so base, as to be pittied, shall
Give you cause of triumph.
Al. 'Fore heaven a fiery girle.
Ful. A Masculine spirit.
Pan. An *Amazon.*

Ra.

Ra. See my *Philippa*, her rich colour's fled, and like that
The furrow fronted Fates have made an Anvill (foule
To forge diseases on, she's lost her selfe
With her fled beauty; yet pale as she stands,
She addes more glory to our churlish foe,
Than bashfull *Tyran* to the Easterne world.
Spaniards, she is a Conquest; *Rome*,
When her two-necke Eagles, aw'd the world
Would have swum through their owne blood to purchase
Nor must you enjoy that jemme, the superstitious gods
Would quarrell for, but through my heart.
Courage brave friends, they're valiant that can flye
I'th mouth of danger; 'tis they winne, though dye.

Gia. This *Moore* speakes truth,
Wrapt in a voyce of thunder.

Ra. Speake, my *Philippa*, what unnutor'd slave
Durst lay a rugged hand upon thy softnesse?

Phi. 'Twas the epitome of *Hercules*:
No bigge *Colossus*, yet for strength farre bigger:
A little person great with matchlesse Valour.

Ra. What paines thou takest to praise
Thine enemy.

Phi. 'Twere sinne to rob him, that has wasted so
His blood for praise: this noble Souldier, he
'Twas made me captive; nor can he boast
'Twas in an easie combate; for my good
Sword, now ravish'd from mine arme, fore'd crimson
Drops, that like a goary sweat, buryed
His manly body in oblivion: those that were
Skild in his Effigies, as drunke with *Lethe*, had
Forgot 'twas hee; till by the drawing of the
Ruefull curtaine they saw in him their errour.

Ra. A common Souldier owner of a strength worthy
Such praise? Dares he cope with the
French Generall single?

Phi. My Lord, you must strike quick and sure

Ra. Why pause you? my *Philippa* must not stay,
Captivity's infectious.
Ma. We have the day.
Ra. Not till you conquer me: which if my arme
Be not by Witch-craft rob'd of his lateſt strength,
Shall ſpinne your labour to an ample length.
Ma. Upon him then.
Gia. Ods is dishonourable combate: my lads
Lets one to one; I am for the *Moore*.
Ale. Thee.
Ful. Tayler, you are too ſawcy.
Gia. Sawcy?
Aler. Vntutor'd groome, Mechanicke ſlave.
Gia. You have protection, by the Governours preſence,
Elſe my plumed Eſtrages, 'tis not your feathers,
More waighty than your heads, ſhould ſtop
My vengeance, but I'de text my wrong
In bloody Characters upon your pamperd fleſh.
Ful. You wou'd?
Gia. By Heaven I would.
Ful. You'd be advis'd, and render up your life a Sacrifice to patience.
Gia. Muſk-Cat, I'de make your Civet worſhip ſtinke first in your perfumed Buffe.
Ale. Phlegmaticke ſlave.
Gia. Bloudleſſe Commanders.
Fu. Pa. Ale. How.
Gia. So.
Fu. Pa. Ale. Let's reward his boldneſſe. } *They fall upon*
Ma. Whence this raſhneſſe? } Giavanno.
Ra. Bleſt occation: lets on 'em. *The French whiſper.*
The French flye upon 'em: They turne to their guard, and beate 'em off.

Act Third. Scene I.

Enter Mach. Ful. Pan. Aler. Giavanno *with* Raimond *Prisoner, and the rest of the Taylors.*

All the Tail. A Tayler, a Tayler, a Tayler.

Gia. Raimond y'are now my prisoner:
Blind Chance has favour'd where your thoughts,
And hope she meant to ruine
From our discord, which heaven has made victorious,
You meant to strike a harmony should glad you.

Ale. 'Tis not to be borne: a Tayler! *Whisper.*

Ful. 'Twas an affront gales me to thinke on't:
Besides his sawcy valour might have ruin'd all
Our forward fortunes, had the *French* been
Stronger: let him be banish'd. *Mac.* It shall be so;
My feares are built on grounds
Stronger than *Atlas* shoulders: this same Tayler
Retaines a spirit like the lost *Antonio*;
Whose sister we will banish, in pretence of
Love to Justice; 'tis a good snare, to trap the
Vulgar hearts: his, and her goods, to guild my
Lawlesse doings, Ile give the poore, whose tongues
Are i' their bellies: which, being full,
Is tipt with heartlesse prayers; but empty,
A falling Planet is lesse dangerous; they'le downe to
Hell for curses. You Tayler. *Gia.* My Lord.

Ma. Deliver up your prisoner.

Gia, Y'are obey'd.

Ma. So: now we command on forfeit of thy
Life, you be not seene in any ground our
Masters Title circles, within three daies.

Such

Such a factious ſpirit we muſt not nouriſh:
Leaſt like the Fables Serpent, growne warme
In your conceited worth, you ſting
Your Countries Breaſts, that nurſt your valour.
Gi. This my reward?
Aler. More then thy worth deſerves.
Gi. Pomander boxe thou lyeſt.
Ful. Goe purge your ſelfe; your Country vomits you.
Gi. Slaves y' are not worth my anger.
Ful. Goe vent your ſpleene 'mongſt Satyres, pen a
Pamphlet, and call't the Scourge of greatneſſe.
Aler. Or *Spaines* ingratitude.
Gi. Yee are not worth my breath,
Elſe I ſhould curſe you; but I muſt weepe,
Not that I part from thee unthankfull *Spaine*,
But my *Evadne*, well, it muſt bee ſo:
Heart keepe thy ſtill tough temper ſpight of woe. *Exit.*
Ma. My houſe ſhall be your priſon,
Attend 'em Colonell. { *Exit, Raimond, Philippa, Aler-*
Ful. Pleaſe you walke? { *xo, Ful. P and. manet Taylers.*
1 *Tay.* My ſervant baniſht.
3 *Tay.* Famiſt maſter? nay faith and a Tayler
Come to be famiſht, 'tis a hard World:
No bread in this world here hoe, to ſave
The renowned Corps of a Tayler from famiſhing?
'Tis no matter for drinke, give me bread.
2 *Tay.* Thou haſt a gut wou'd ſwallow a pecke Loafe.
3 *Tay.* I marry wou'd it with vantage; I tell truth,
And as the Proverbe ſayes, ſhame the Divell:
If our Hell afford a Divell, but I ſee none
Unleſſe he appeare in a delicious remnant of
Nim'd Sattin, and by my faith that's a courteous
Divill, that ſuffers the Brokers to hang him
In their ragged Wardrobe; and us'd to fell his
Divelſhip for mony: I tell truth, a Tayler
And lye, faith I ſcorne that.

1 *Tay.* Leave your discovery.

3 *Tay.* Master, a Traveller you know is famous for lying,
And having travelled as farre as hell;
May not I make description of the unknowne Land?

1 *Tay.* My braine is busie,
Sebastiano must not tread an unknowne Land
To finde out a Grave; unfortunate *Sebastiano*,
First to lose thy selfe in a disguise, unfitting for thy
Birth, and then thy Country for thy too much vallour:
There's danger in being vertuous, in this Age
Led by those sinfull Actors, the plunged stage,
Of this vice-bearing World, would head-long fall
But charitable vertue beares up all.
I must invent, I ha't, so:
As he's a Tayler; he is banisht *Spaine*,
As *Sebastiano* 'tis revokt againe. *Exit cum suis.*

Enter Machvile solus.

Ma. How subtile are my springes, they take all?
With what swift speed unto my Chaffie baite
Doe all Fowles fly, unto their hasty ruine?
Clap, clap your wings, and flutter greedy fooles,
Whilst I laugh at your folly; I have a Wier
Set for the Moore, and his ambitious Consort;
Which if my wife wo'd second, they are sure. *Enter*
Au. What must she second? *Auristella.*
Mach. Art thou there my Love? we' re in a path
That leades us to a height, we may confront
The Sun, and with a breath extinguish common
Starres; be but thou rul'd, the light
That does create day to this City
Must be derived from us.
Au. You fire my soule, and to my airy
Wings, add quicker Feathers: what taske
Wo'd not I run, to be cald Queene?

Did

Did the life blood of all our family,
Father and Mother, ſtand as a quicke wall
To ſtop my paſſage to a Throne,
I'de with a Puniard ope their Azure veines,
And ſqueeſe their active blood up into Clods,
Till they become as cold as winters ſnow;
And as a bridge upon their trunkes i'de goe.

Ma. Our ſoules are twinnes, and thirſt with equall heat
For Deity: Kings are in all things Gods
Saving mortality.

Au. To be a Queene, what danger wo'd I run?
I'de ſpend my life like to a Bare-foot Nun;
So I might ſit above the leſſer ſtarrs
Of ſmall Nobility, but for a day.

Mach. 'Tis to be done ſweet love an nearer way;
I have already with the ſuger'd baites
Of Juſtice, liberallity, and all
The Foxe like ginns, that ſubtile Statſe-men
Set to catch the hearts o'th giddy multitude:
Which if it faile, as cautious policy
Forbids, I build too ſtrongly on their drunke
Uncertaine Votes, I'de have thee breake with
My great Priſoners Wife, as I will
Doe with him; promiſe the ſtates equall
Devided halfe himſelfe ſhall rule:
So that if need compell us to take Armes,
We may have forces from the Realme of *France*,
To ſeate us in the Chaire of Government.

Au. I never ſhall indure to walke as equall
With proud *Philippa*, no; my ambitious ſoule
Boyles in a thirſty flame of totall glory:
I muſt be all, without a ſecond flame
To dim our luſter.

Mach. Still my very ſoule, thinkeſt thou I can indure
Competitor, or let an Ethiope ſit by *Machvils* ſide,
As partner in his honour? no, as I have ſeene

I'the

I'the Common-wealth of Players, one that did act
The Thebane Creon's part; with such a life
I became ravisht, and on *Raimond* meane,
To plot what he did on the caveling boyes of *Oedipus*,
Whilst we grasp the whole dignity.

Au. As how sweet *Machvile*?

Mach. It is not ripe my love,
The King I heare applauds my justice:
Wherefore I have sent order that Count *Antonio*
Once being taken, be sent to *Fill-ford* Mill;
There ground to death.

Au. What for his wife?

Mach. Thy envy: she I have banisht,
And her goods to guard a shower of curses
From my head, I'ave given the poore.

Au. Good pollicy, let's home to our designes:
I hate to be officious, yet my frowne
Shall be dissolv'd to flattery for a Crowne. *Exit.*

Mach. Attend your Lady --- so her forward spleene,
Tickled with thought of greatnesse makes the Scene
attempts run smooth: the haughty Moore shall bee the Lader, on whose servile backe Ile mount to greatnesse,
If calme peace deny me easie way.
Rough War shall force it, which done, *Raimond*
And his *Philippa* must goe seeke an Empire in
Elizium; for to rule, predominance belongs
Alone to me: slaves are unworthy rule,
What state wo'd set a Crowne upon a Mule? *Exit.*

Antonio disguis'd sitting in a Closet.

My soule is heavy, and my eye-lids feele
The weighty power of lazy *Morpheus*:
Each element that breathes a life within me
Runs a contrary course, and conspire
To counterfeit a Chaos: whilst the frame

And weake supporters of my inward man
(Cracke) as beneath the weight of *Atlas* burthen :
A suddaine change, how my blear'd eye-lids strive
To force a sleepe 'gainst nature. O you Powers
That rule the better thoughts, if you have ought
To act on my fraile body, let it be with eagles
Speed ; or if your wills so pleas'd,
Let my fore past and undejested wrongs
O're whelme my thoughts, and sinke me to the ground
With their no lesse then deaths remembrances.
Cease bastard slave, to clog my sences
With the leaden weights of an unwilling sleepe ; unlesse
Thy raw-bon'd brother joyne his force, and make
A seperation twixt my aiery soule,
And my all earthly body :
I am o're come, heaven worke your wills, my breath,
Submits to this as 'twould submit to death. *Sleepes.*

Soft Musicke, Love descends halfe way then speakes.

Sleepe intranced man, but be
Wakefull in thy fancy ; see
Love hath left his Pallace faire,
And beates his wings against the ayre,
To ease thy panting breasts of ill :
Loves a Phisitian, our Will
Must be obey'd ; therefore with haste
To *Flanders* fly, the ecchoing blast
Of Fame shall usher thee along,
And leave thee prest'd in a throng
Of searching troubles, which shall be
But Bug-beares to thy constancy.

Enter from one side death, and from the other side Aurelia, *Death strikes three times at* Antonio, *and* Aurelia *diverts it. Exit severally.*

What this fame shadow fronts to be,
In *Flanders* thou shalt reall see ;

The Maid that seem'd to conquer Death,
And give thee longer lease of breath,
Dotes on thy aire; report hath bin
Lavish in praysing thee unseene.
Make hast to *Flanders*, time will be
Accus'd of slothfulnesse, if she
Be longer tortur'd: doe not stay,
My power shall guide thee on the way. *assended.*

Enter Giovanno *and the old Tayler.*

Gio. He is asleepe.

Old Tay. See how he struggles, as if some visions
Had assum'd a shape fuller of horrour
Then his troubled thoughts.

Gio. His conscience gripes him to purpose: see he wakes;
Let us observe.

Ant. Stay gentle power, leave Hostage that thy promise
Thou'lt performe,
And I will offer to thy Diety
More then my lazy heart has offer'd yet.
But stay *Antonio*, can thy easie faith
Give credit to a dreame? an aiery vision,
Fram'd by strangling fancy, to delude weake
Sence with a gay nothing? recollect thy selfe,
Advise thee by thy feares, it may force hence
This midnights shade of griefe;
And guild it with a morne as full of joy.
As do's bright *Phabus* to our *Easterne* World,
When blushing he arises from the lap
Of Sea-greene *Thetis* to give a new day birth.

Gio. Why how now friend, what talking to thy selfe?

Ant. O *Giovanno* 'tis my unpartiall thoughts,
That rise in war against my guilty conscience;
O it stings me!

Old Tay. Be more a man, shrinke not beneath a weight
So light, a child may beare it; for beleeve me,

If my Propheticke feare deceive me not.
You had done an act *Spaine* should for ever praise
Had you kild *Machvile* ere
Ant. As how good Master? I must call you so
This is your Livery.
Old. O y'are a noble Taylor, But to *Machvile*
It was my chance, being sent for by his wife
To take the measure of their noble prisoner
Who when I came was busie, being plac'd
Into a roome, where I might easily heare
Them talke of Crownes, and Kingdomes;
And of two that should be partners in this
End of *Spaine*.
Gio. Who were they?
Old. *Machvile* and *Raimond*, at last *Machvile* laught
Saying, for this I made the Governour
To crosse *Antonio* at the Counsell-bord
Knowing that one must, if not both sho'd dye.
Ant. Did he say this?
Old. He did, and added more under a feigned show
Of love to Justice, banish'd your sister.
Gio. Is *Evadne* banish't? (left her.
Old. She is, and as I ghesse to *Flanders*, her woman too has
Ant. Nay droope not friend; Holt, pray tell proud
Machvile, I have a sword left to chastise
A Traitor: come, let's goe seeke *Evadne*.
Gio. O *Antonio*, the suddaine griefe almost distracts
Thy friend; but come, let's goe each seeke all,
And meete at *Fill-ford*: if thou findest *Evadne*,
Beare her unto the Castle. *Exit.*
Ant. Farewell good master. *Exit.*
Old. O you honour me.
Bootelesse were all perswasions, they'le not stay.
I'le to the King; this treason may become
Like a disease, out of the reach of Phisicke:
And may infect past care if let alone. *Exit.*

Enter Raymond *and* Philippa.

Phi. Erect thy head my *Raymond*, be more tall
Then daring *Atlas*, but more safely wise;
Sustaine no burthen but the politicke care
Of being great; till thou atcheive the Cities
Axeltree, and wave it as thou list.
Ray. Hast thou no skill in Magick, that thou hits
So just upon my thoughts, thy tongue is tipt
Like Natures miracle, that drawes the steele
With unresisted violence; I can not keepe
A secret to my selfe, but thy prevailing
Rhetoricke ravishes and leaves my breast
Like to an empty Casket, that once was blest
With keeping of a Iewell I durst not trust the
Ayre with, 'twas so precious: pray be carefull.
Phi. You doe not doubt me?
Ray. No, were you a woman made of such course ingrediance as the common, which in our triveall phrase we call meere women; I wou'd not trust thee with a Cause so weighty, that the discovery did indanger this, this haire; that when 'tis gone a *Linxes* cannot misse it: but you are—
I want expressions, 'tis not common words can speake you truely, you are more than woman.
Phi. My Lord you know my temper, and how to
Win upon my heart.
Ray. I must be gone, and post a messenger,
France must supply what wants to make thee great;
An Army my *Philippa*, which these people
Snoring in pride of their last victory,
Doe not so much as dreame on?
Nor shall, till they be forced to yeeld their voyces
At our election; which will be ere long.
Phi. O 'tis an age, I'de rather have it fed,
Philippa then a prisoner were dead. *Exit.*

Enter a Crimeball Iudge and Officers, with Antonio, Petrucio *and* Aurelio *meete him with servants.*

Iud. Captaine *Petruchio*, take this condemned man
Into your charge, it is *Antonio* once a
Spanish Count, till his rash folly, with his
Life made forfeit of his honour; he
Was found travelling to your Castle,
'Twas Heavens will that his owne feet
Should with a willing pace conduct him to his ruine:
For the murther he must be ground to death
In *Filford* Mill, of which you are the Governour:
Here my Commision in its end gives strength to yours,
He's your charge: farewell,
His death must be with speed. *Exit with his.*

Ant. Deceive me not good glasses, your lights
In my esteeme never till now was precious,
'Tis the same, I 'tis the very same
I sleeping saw.

Au. Is this the man Fame speakes so nobly of?
O love, *Aurelio* never untill now
Could say he knew thee; I must dessemble it.

Pet. Come sir to my Castle.

Au. Fie on you sir, to kill a Governour it is a fact
Death cannot appeare too horrible to punish.

Ant. Can this be truth? O shallow, shallow man
To credit aire, beleeve there can be substance
In a cloud of thickned smoake, as truth hid in a dreame;
Yes there is truth, that like a scrowle fetcht from
An Oracle, betrayes the double dealing of the gods;
Dreames that speake all of joy, doe turne to griefe,
And such bad Fate deludes my light beleefe.

Pet. Away with him *Exeunt.*

Aurelius solus.

Oft have I heard my brother with a tongue

Proud

Proud of the Office, prais'd this lovely Lord;
And my trapt ſoule did with as eager haſt
Draw in the breath, and now: O *Aurelia*,
Buried with him muſt all thy joy thou haſt
For ever ſleepe; and with a pale conſumption,
Pittying him wilt thou thy ſelfe be ruin'd?
He muſt not dye, if there be any way
Reveal'd to the diſtreſſed, I will find it:
Aſſiſt a poore loſt Virgin ſome good power,
And lead her to a path, whoſe ſecret tract
May guide both him and me unto our ſafety.
Be kind good wits, I never untill now
Put you to any trouble; 'tis your Office,
To helpe at need this little world you live by:
Not yet! O dulneſſe! doe not make me mad ----
I hav't bleſt braine; now ſhall a womans wit
Wreſtle with Fate, and if my plot but hit;
Come off with wreaths, my duty nay my all,
I muſt forſake leſt my *Antonio* fall. *Exit.*

Act Fourth. Scene I.

Enter Giovanno *mad, ſolus.*

NOt finde *Evadne*! ſure ſome wanton wind
Has ſnacht her from the earth into the aire;
Smooth *Zephers* faines the treſſes of her haire,
Whilſt ſlicke *Favonions* playes the fawning ſlave;
And hourely dyes, making her breaſts his grave:
O falſe *Evadne*, is *Giovanno's* love
That has out-done all merrit for thy ſake
So light, that winde out-weighs it?
No, no; no; *Evadne* is all vertue,
Sweet as the breath of Roſes; and as chaſt,

As Virgin Lillies in their infancy:
Downe you deluding Ministers of Ayre:
Evadne is not light, though she be faire;
Dissolve that counterfeit; ha, ha, ha, ha.
See how they shrinke: why so, now I will love you:
Goe search into the hollowes of the earth,
And finde my love, or I will chaine you up
To eternity: see, see, who's this? O I know him now.
So, ho, ho: so, ho, ho, not heare?
'Tis *Phæton*: no, 'tis an heire got
Since his fathers death, into a Cloake of gold,
Out-shines the Sunne; the head-strong horses
Of Licentious youth have broke their Reines,
And drawne him through the Signes of all libidinousnes,
See, from the whorish front of *Capra*,
He's tumbling downe as low as beggery.
O, are you come grimme *Tartor*: *Radamonte*
Goe aske of *Pluto* if he have not tane
Evadne to his smoky Common-wealth,
And ravisht her? begon, why stirre you not?
Ha, ha, ha, the devill is afraid.

Evad. Helpe, a Rape. *Within.*

Ban. Stop her mouth.

Gia. Who calls for helpe? tis my *Evadne*; I
It was her voyce that gave the Eccho life,
That cry'd a Rape: Divell dost love a wench?
Who was thy Pander, ha? What saucy fiend
Durst lay his unpard Fangs on my *Evadne*?
Come I le swimme unarmed o're *Acheron*,
And sinke grimme *Charon* in his fiery Boate.

Evad. Murther: a Rape. *Within.*

Gia. I come, I come. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Bandetos *dragging* Evadne *by the haire; she drops a Scarfe. Exeunt.*

Enter Giovanno *againe.*

Gio. I cannot finde her yet,
The King of Flames protests she
Is not there: but hang him Rogue,
They say he'le lye; O how my glutted spleene
Tickles to thinke how I have payd the slave?
I made him lead me into every hole:
Ha, ha, ha, what crying was ther there?
Here on a Wheele, turn'd by a Furies hand,
Hangs a distracted Statesman, that had spent
The little wit Heaven to strange purpose lent him,
To suppresse right, make beggers, and get meanes
To be a Traytor. Ha, ha, ha, and here
A Vsurer fat with the curses of so many heires
His Extortion had undone, sate to the Chin
In a warme bath, made of new melted gold;
And now and then a draught past through his throat:
He fed upon his god; but he being angry
Scalded his Chops. Right against him
Stood a fool'd Gallant, chain'd unto a post,
And lasht by Folly for his want of wit.
The reeling drunkard and plumpe glutton stood
Making of faces, close by *Tantalus*:
But dranke and fed on Aire.
The whore-master tyed to a painted Punke,
Was by a Fury termed insatiate Lust,
Whipt with a blade of fire. And here——
What's here! 'tis my *Evadnes vale*; 'tis hers I know't:
Some slave has ravish'd my *Evadne*: Well,
There breaths not such an impious slave in hell:
Nay, it is hers, I know it too too plaine:
Your breath is lost, 'tis hers, you speake in vaine. *Exit.*

Enter

Thunder and Lightning. Enter the Bandetoes *with* Evadne *by the Haire.*

Capt. Come, bring her forward, tye her to that tree,
Each man ſhall have his turne : Come Minion,
You muſt ſquench the raging flames of my
Concupiſence : what doe you weep, you
Puritanicall Punke : I ſhall tickle mirth
Into you by and by : *Trotter*, good *Trotter* poſt
Unto my Cell, make compound of Muskadine
And egges ; for the truth is, I am a Gyant in my
Promiſes but in the act a Pigmy : I am old, and
Cannot doe as I have done ; good *Trotter*
Make all convenient ſpeed.

Trot Faith Maſter if you cann't, here's them that can ferrit in a Cunny burrow without a provocative, Ile warrant you : good Maſter let me beginne the health.

Capt. No more I ſay : it is a percell of excellent Mutton : Ile cut it up my ſelfe : Come Minion. *Exit Trot.*

The Captaine takes his dagger and winders it about her haire, and ſticks it in the ground: Thunder and Lightning.

Evad. Kill me ; Oh kill me : Rather let me dye,
Than live to ſee the jewell that adornes
The ſoules of vertuous Virgins raviſht from me.
Doe not adde ſinne to ſinne, and at a price
That ruines me, and not enriches you,
Purchaſe damnation : doe not, doe not do't :
Sheath here your ſword, and my departing ſoule,
Like your good Angell, ſhall ſolicit heaven
To waſh out your offences : let my flight
Be pure and ſpotleſſe : doe not injure that,
Man-hood wou'd bluſh to thinke on : it is all

A maids Divinity: wanting her life
She's a faire Coarſe: wanting her chaſtity,
A ſpotted ſoule of living infamy.

Cap. Hang Chaſtity.

3 Ban. A very voyce. *Enter* Trotter.

Trot. O Captaine, Captaine, yonder's the mad *Orlando* the furious, and I thinke he takes me for —— What doe you call him?

Cap. What *Meder*?

Trot. I, I, *Meder*: the Divell *Meder* him, he has ſo nuddled me —— O here he comes; Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Enter Giovanno.

Gio. Stay Satyre, ſtay; you are too light of foote,
I cannot reach your paces, prethee ſtay.
What Goddeſſe have you there? ſure 'tis *Evadne*:
Are you the Dragons that ne're ſleepe but watch
The golden fruit of the *Hiſperides*:
Ha, then I am *Hercules*; flye yee?
Sure that face dwelt on *Evadnes* ſhoulders.

He beates them off, and unbindes Evadne.

Evad. O thou preſerver of neare loſt *Evadne*,
What muſt my weakneſſe pay?

Gio. 'Tis, 'tis ſhe; ſhe muſt not know I'me mad.

Evad. Aſſiſt me ſome good power, (it is my friend)
Make me but wiſe enough to reſolve my ſelfe.

Gio. It may be 'tis not ſhe; Ile aske her name.
What are you cald ſweet goddeſſe?

Evad. They that know me mortall, terme me *Evadne*.

Gio. Tis ſhe: I, I, tis ſhe.

Evad. Pray you ſir, unto the bond of what I owe you,
Which is a poore diſtreſſed Virgins life, adde
This one debt: what are you?

Gio. Not worth your knowledge: I am a poore,
A very, very poore deſpiſed thing: but ſay
I pray, are you ſure your name's *Evadne*?

Evad. Tis queſtionleſſe my Tayler. I am ſhe,

(Receive me to your armes) not alter'd
In my heart, though in my cloaths.
Gio. I doe belelieve you, indeed I doe; but stay I don't.
Are you a Maid, a Virgin, pray tell me?
For my *Evadne* could not tell a lye; speak;
I shall love you, though that Jewell's gone.
Evad. I am as spotlesse, thanke your happy selfe
That sav'd me from those Robbers, as
The child which yet is but a jelly, 'tis so yong.
Gio. No more, no more, trust me I doe believe you.
So many slaves, whose flaming appetites,
Wou'd in one night ravish a throng of Virgins,
And never feele degression in their heate.
Ile after and murther all. *Evad.* How doe you?
Gio. Well, very well: belike you thinke I'me mad.
Evad. You looke distractedly.
Gio. Tis but your thoughts, indeed I me wondrous well.
How faire she lookes after so foule a deede?
It cannot be she should be false to me:
No, thou'rt mad to thinke so. Foole, O foole,
Thinkst thou those slaves, having so faire a marke
Wou'd not be Shooting? yes, they wou'd, they have.
Evadne is flye-blowne, I cannot love her.
Evad. What say you sweet?
Gio. The innocence that sits upon that face
Sayes she is chast, the guilty cannot speake
So evenly as she does: guilty, said I!
Alas it were not her fault, were she ravish't.
O madnesse, madnesse, whither wilt thou beare me?
Evad. His fences are unsetled; Ile goe seeke
Some holy man to rectifie his wits.
Sweet will you goe unto some Hermits Cell?
You looke as you lackt rest.
Gio. She speaks like to an Angel, she's the same
As when I saw her first, as pure, as chast.
Did she retaine the substance of a sinner,

For ſhe is none, her breath wo'd then be ſower,
And betray the rankeneſſe of the act; but
Her chaſt ſighes beget as ſweet a dew
As that of *May*.
Why weepes *Evadne*, truely I'me not mad?
See, I am tame, pray leade me where you pleaſe. *Exeunt.*

A Banquet is ſet forth: Enter Petruchio, Aurelia, *with two ſervants bringing* Antonio *a ſleepe in a Chaire, and ſet him to the Table.*

Pet The drinke has done its part effectually,
'Twas a ſtrong powder that could hold his ſences
So faſt that this removing, ſo full of noiſe,
Had not the power to wake him.
Aur. Good Father let *Aurelia*, your daughter,
Doe this ſame act of Juſtice; let me tread the pin:
The fact of his being ſo foule, ſo hatefull,
Has lent me though a maid ſuch fortitude.
Pet. Thou haſt thy wiſh, do't boldly, 'tis a deed
That in the ignorance of elder ages,
Wou'd be thought full of merit:
Be not daunted.
Aur. I have a thought tel's me it is religious,
To ſacrifice a murtherer to death;
Eſpecially one that did act a deed,
So generally accounted odious.
Pet. By holy (*Iaques*) I'me a governour,
And ſhould my life, (though by the hand of him
My duty does call King) be ſtroke i'th aire;
My injur'd corps ſhould not forſake the earth
Till I did ſee't reveng'd: be reſolute, thy foot
Is guided by a power, that though unſeene,
Is ſtill a furtherer of good attempts.
Aur. Pray ſir lend me the Key of the backe ward,
For though my conſcience tells me 'tis an act

I may hereafter boaſt off; yet ile paſſe unto our
Ladies Chappell when 'tis done, to be confeſt
Ere I am ſeene of any.
Pet. I am proud to ſee thee ſo well given.
Take 'em girle, and with 'em take my prayers.
Aur. He wakes, pray leave me ſir. *Exit* Pet.
So Ile make faſt the doore,
Goodneſſe beare witneſſe 'tis a potent power
Out-weighs my duty.
Ant. Amazement! on what tentors doe you ſtretch?
O how this alteration wracks my reaſon, i'me
To find the Axeltree on which it hangs?
Am I aſleepe?
Aur. Shake thy wonder off, and leave that ſeate,
'Twas ſet to ſinke thy body for ever
From the eyes of humane ſight;
To tell thee how wou'd be a fatall meanes
To both our ruines ---- briefly my love
Has broke the Bands of nature with my father,
To give you being.
Ant. Happy, happy viſion, the bleſt preparative
To this ſame houre, my joy wo'd burſt me elſe.
Aur. Receive me to thy armes.
Ant. I wou'd not wiſh to live but for thee, life were
A trouble; welcome to my ſoule.
Au. Stand, I have a Ceremony, to offer to our
Saſetryere we goe.
She takes a Dogge and ryes it to the Chaire, ſhee ſtampes: The Chaire and Dogge deſcends, a Piſtoll ſhot within: a noiſe of a Mill.
Had not my love like a kind branch
Of ſome o're looking tree, catcht thee,
Thou 'dſt fallen, never to looke upon the world againe.
Ant. What ſhall I offer to my lifes preſerver?
Aur. Onely thy heart, Crown'd with a wreath of love,
Which I will ever keepe; and in exchange

Deliver

Deliver mine.

Ant. Thus I deliver, in this kiſſe receive't.

Aur. In the ſame forme *Aurelia* yeelds up hers.

Ant, What noiſe is that? *A noiſe.*

Aur. I feare my Father.

Ant. What's to be done?

Aur. Through the backe ward, of which I have
The Key; weele ſuddainly make ſcape,
Then in two Gownes of which I am provided,
Weele cloath our ſelves till we be paſt all feare.

Ant. Be't as you pleaſe, 'tis my good genious will
Thee I obey: command, ile follow ſtill. *Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio *with ſervants.*

Pet. She's gone unto her prayers, may every bead
Draw downe a bleſſing on her; that like ſeed
May grow into a Harveſt: 'tis a girle
My age is proud of; ſhe's indeed the Modell
Of her dead Mothers vertues, as of ſhape.
Beare hence this Banquet. *Exit with the Banquet.*

Giovanno *is diſcovered ſleeping in the lap of* Evadne.

Evad. Thou ſilent god, that with the leaden Mace
Arreſteth all (ſave thoſe prodigious birdes)
That are Fates Heraulds to proclaime all ill;
Deafe *Giovanno*, let no fancied noyſe
Of ominous Screech-owles, or night Ravens voyce
Affright his quiet ſences: let his ſleepe
Be free from horrour, or unruly dreames;
That may beget a tempeſt in the ſtreames
Of his calme reaſon: let 'em run as ſmooth,
And with as great a ſilence, as thoſe doe
That never tooke an injury; where no wind
Had yet acquaintance: but like a ſmooth Criſtall,

Diſſolv'd

Dissolv'd into a water that never frown'd,
Or knew a voyce but musicke.

Enter Antonio *and* Aurelia *in Hermits gownes.*

Holy Hermits, for such your habits speake you,
Joyne your prayers with a distressed Virgins;
That the wits of this distracted yong man
May be setled.

Ant. Sure 'tis my sister, and that sleeping man
Giovanno. She loves him still. *Hee wakes.*

Gio. O what a blessednesse am I bereft of!
What pleasure has the least part of a minute
Stollen from my eyes: me thought I did imbrace
A Brother and a friend; and both *Antonio.*

Evad. Blest be those gentle powers that ---

Gio. What *Evadne*---have deceived my eyes,
Take heede *Evadne*, worship not a dreame,
'Tis of a smoaky substance, and will shrinke
Into the compasse of report; that 'twas:
And not reward the labour of a word
Were it substantiall: Could I now but see
That man, of men; i'de by my practice
Of Religious prayers, add to the Kalender
One Holy-day, and keepe it once a yeare.

Ant. Behold *Antonio.*

Evad. Brother. *To Antonio.*

Aur. Brother. *To Giovanno.*

Ant. What earth-quake shakes my heart,
With what a speed she flew into his armes!

Evad. Some power that hearkens to the prayer of virgins,
Has bin distill'd to pitty at my Fortunes;
And made *Evadne* happy.

Aur. Now my longing that was growne big,
Is with your sight delivered of a joy,
That will become a Giant; and overcome me.
Welcome, thrice welcome brother.

Ant. Ha, her brother! Fortune has bound me

So much in their debts, I muſt diſpaire to pay 'em:
Twice has my life bin by theſe twins of goodneſſe
Pluckt from the hand of death; that fatall emnity
Betweene our houſes here ſhall end,
Though my Father at his death commanded me
To eternity of hatred:
What tye binds ſtronger then Reprieve from death?
Come hither friend; now brother, take her,
Thou haſt bin a noble Tayler.

Gio. Be moderate my joyes, doe not o're whelme me
Here take *Aurelia*, may you live happy:
O *Antonio* this, this was the cauſe of my diſguiſe;
Sebaſtine could not win *Evadne's* love,
But *Giovanno* did; come now to our fathers Caſtle.

Ant. Pardon me; there is a barre that does
Concerne my life forbids you as a friend,
To thinke on going to any place
But to, the Taylers houſe, which is not farre:
Come, as we goe I will relate the cauſe.

Aur. Doe good brother.

Evad. Goe good *Sebaſtiano*.

Gio. *Sebaſtine* is your Page, and bound to follow,
Leade on.

Ant. O noble temper I admire thee! may
The world bring forth ſuch Taylers every day. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Taylers on a Shop-board.

1 *Tay.* Come, come let's worke;
For if my gueſſes point the right, we ſha'nt
Worke long.

3 *Tay.* I care not how ſoone, for I have a notable
Stomacke to bread.

2 *Tay* Doſt heare, I ſuſpect that Courtier my maſter
Brought in laſt night, to be the King;
Which if it be bullies, all the bread in the

Towne sha'nt satisfie us, for we will eate
Cum Privelegio.
1 *Tay.* Come let's have a device, a thing, a song Boy.
3 *Tay.* Come an aire ---

The Song.

1 *Tay, 'Tis a merry life we live,*
All our worke is brought unto us;
Still are getting, never give,
For their Cloaths all men doe woe us:
Yet unkind they blast our Names,
With aspertions of dishonour:
For which we make bold with their Dames,
When we take our measure on her.
All Tay. For which &c.

Enter Antonio, Giovanno, *and the old* Tayler,

Old Tay. You see the life we live; cease.
Ant. O 'tis a merry one.
Gio. It is no newes to me, I have bin us'd to't.
Old Tay. Now for discovery, the King as yet
Is ignorant of your names, and shall be
Till your merits beg your pardon.
My Lord you are for *Machvile*, take this gowne.
Ant. Pray for successe. *Exit Ant.*
Old Tay. You in this *French* disguise for proud *Philippa*;
This is her garment. I heare the King, be gone:
The *French* mans folly sit upon your tongue. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Evadne *and* Aurelia.

King. Beleeve me Tayler you have out-stript the Court,
For such perfections lives not every where;
Nature was vext as she's a very shrew,
She made all others in an angry mood;
These onely she can boast for Master-peeces:

The

The reſt want ſomething or in mind or forme,
Theſe are preciſely made: a Critticke Jury,
Of cavelliing Arts cannot condemne a ſcruple.
Aur. But that your entrance in this formall ſpeech
Betray'd you are a Courtier; I had bin angry
At your Ranke flattery.
King. Can you ſay ſo?
Evad. Sir, ſhe has ſpoke my meaning.
King. Friend, what are thoſe beauties cald? *aſide.*
Old Tay. Your graces pardon.
King. Are they Oracle, or is the knowledge fatall?
But that I know thy faith, this deniall
Wou'd conjure a ſuſpition in my breaſt;
Vſe thy prerogative, 'tis thy owne houſe
In which you are a King; and I your gueſt.
Come Ladies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio *diſguis'd like a Phyſitian.*

This habite will doe well, and leſſe ſuſpected;
Rapt i'this cover lives a Kingdomes plague,
They kill with licence; *Machviles* proud dame
'Tis fam'd is ſicke, upon my ſoule, how ere
Her health may be the Agueſh commons cry;
She's a diſeaſe they groane for: this diſguiſe
Shall ſift her Ebon ſoule, and if ſhe be
Infectious, like a Meagrome, or rot limbe;
The ſword of Juſtice muſt devide the joynt
That holds her to the States indanger'd body,
Shee comes.

Enter Machvile, *with* Auriſtella *leaning on his arme, with two Seruants.*

Mach. Looke up my *Auriſtella*;
Better the Sun forſake his courſe to bleſſe,

With his continuing beames the *Antipodes*;
And we grovell for ever in eternall night,
Then death eeclipse thy rich and stronger light.
Seeke some physitian, horrour to my soule, she faints;
I'de rather lose the issue of my hopes, than *Auristella*.
Ant. Issue of his hopes, strange; *aside*.
Mach. The Crownes injoynement can yeeld no content,
Without the presence of my *Auristilla*.
Ant. Crownes injoyment, O villaine.
Mach. Why stirre you not? fetch me some skilfull man,
My Kingdome shall reward him; if his Art
Chaine her departing soule unto her flesh,
But for a day, till she be crown'd a Queene:
Fly, bring him unto this walke.
Ant. Stay,
Most honour'd Count, (now for a forged linke *aside*.
Of flattery to chaine me to his love;)
Having with studious care gone o're the Art
Folly tearmes Magick, which more sublime soules
Skil'd i'the Starrs, know is above that mischiefe;
I finde you're borne to be 'bove vulger greatnesse,
Even to a Throne: but stay, let's fetch this Lady.
Mach. All greatnesse without her is slavery.
Ant. Vse modest violence.
Au. Oh.
Ant. Stand wider, give her aire.
Mach. God-like Physitian, I and all that's mine,
Will at thy feet offer a sacrifice.
Ant. Fore fend it goodnesse; I, nay all;
E're many houres makes the now yong day
A type of sparkeling youth; shall on their knees
Pray for your highnesse.
Mach. Looke up my *Auristella*, and be great;
Rise with the Sun, but never to decline.
Aur. What have you done?

Mach.

Mach. Wak'd thee to be a Queene.

Aur. A Queene! O don't dissemble; you have rob'd me
Of greater pleasure, than the fancied blisse
Elizium ownes: O for a pleasure reall, that
Wo'd appeare in all unto my dreame: that I may
Frowne, and then kill; smile, and create againe.
Were there a Hell, as doting age wo'd have,
To fright from lawlesse courses heedlesse youth:
For such a short liv'd happinesse as that,
I wo'd be lost unto eternity.

Mach. The day growes old in houres:
Come *Auristella* to the Capitall;
The Gray-beard Senate shall on humble knees,
Pay a Religious Sacrifice of praise
Unto thy demy Deity: the Starrs
Have in a generall Senate made thee Queene
Of this our world: Great master of thy Art,
Confirme my love. *Ant.* Madam——

Mach Nay heare him love, believe me he's a man
That may be Secretary to the gods;
He is alone in Art, 'twere sin to name
A second; all are dunces to him.

Ant. How easie is the faith of the ambitious.

Mach. Follow me to the Counsell. *Exit.*

Au. Are you the man my husband speakes so high of?
Are you skill'd i'the Starres? *Ant.* Yes Madam.

Au. Your habit sayes, or you abuse the custome,
You're a Physitian? *Ant.* Madam i'me both.

Au. And dee' find no let that stops my rysing.

Ant. Not any. *Au.* Away, your skill is dull, dul to dirision.
There is a Star fixt i'the heaven of greatnesse,
That sparkles, with a rich and fresher light,
Than our sicke and defective Taper.

Ant. It may be so, the horiscope is troubled;

Au. Confusion take your horiscope and you.
Can you with all your Art advise my feares,

How to confound this conſtellation.

Ant. Death how ſhe conjures;
Madam I muſt ſearch into the Planets.

An. Planet me no planets; be a Phyſitian,
And from your ſtudy of induſtrious poiſons,
Fetch me your beſt experienc'd ſpeedy one.
And bring it to me ſtraight: what 'tis to doe,
Like unreſolved riddles hid from you. *Exit.*

Ant. Planet ſaid I; upon my life no planet
Is ſo ſwift as her nere reſting evill,
That's her tongue: well i'le not queſtion
What the poiſons for, if for her ſelfe,
The common Hangman's eas'd the labour of a blow,
For if ſhe live her head muſt certaine off;
The poiſon ile goe get, and give it her,
Then to the King:
If *Sebaſtiano's* Frenchified diſguiſe
Purchaſe the like diſcovery, our eyes
Will be too ſcanty; we had need to be
All eye, to watch ſuch haughty villany. *Exit.*

Enter Giovanno *and* Philippa.

Gio. Begare Madam me make de gowne ſo brave; O, de hole vorle vorke be me patron, me ha vorke for le grand Duches le *Shevere*, *le* Royne *de Francia*, *Spanea de Angleter* an all d' fine Madamoſels.

Phi. Nay Monſier doe deprive deſert of praiſe, is unknown Language, to troth I uſe it not; nay it is verry well.

Gio. Be me trot a Madam me ner doe ill, de *Engliſh* man do ill, de *Spanere* doe, de Duch, de all doe ill, but your *Franch* man, and begare he doe incomparable brave.

Phi. Y'are too proud on't.

Gio. Begare me noe proud ide vorle, me ſpeake be me trot de trut, ang me noe lye; me tra Madam begare you have de find bode a de vorle, O de fine brave big ting me have e-

ver measure, me waire fit it so pat.

Enter Raimond.

Phi. Welcome my Lord,
Shall I still long, yet lose my longing still?
Is there no Art to mount the lofty seat?
No Engin that may make us ever great?
Must we be still stil'd Subjects, and for feare
Our closest whispers reach the awing eare,
Not trust the wind? *Ray.* Be calme my love,
Ha, who have we here an eues dropper.

Gio. Me Signior, *Be pever a iemle homa a Franch*
A votre commandement. *Phi.* My Tayler,

Gio. We Monsier de Madam Tayler.

Ray. Some happy genius does attend my wishes,
Or spirit like a Page conducts unto me
The Ministers, whose sweet must seat me easie.
Come hither *French* man, canst thou rule thy tongue?
Art not too much a woman?

Gio. No begar me show someting for de man.

Ray. Or canst thou be like a perverse on, professe dogedness?
Be as a dead man dumbe, briefly be this:
A friend to *France*, and with a silent speed,
Post to our now approaching armed friends:
Tell them that *Raimond* e're the hasty Sand
Of a short houre be spent, shall be impal'd,
And on his brow a Deputy for *France*,
Support a golden wreath of Kingly cares:
Bid 'em make haft to plucke my partner downe
Into his Grave; be gone, as thou nurseſt
In thy breast thoughts that doe thirſt
For nobleneſſe: be secret and thou'rt made;
If not, thou'rt nothing. Marke, 'tis *Raimond* sayes it:
And as I live, I breath not, if my deedes
Appeare not in a horrour 'bove my words.

Gio. Begar me no ned de threaten, me be as close to your
secret, or my Ladyes secrets as de skin to de flesh; de flesh to

de.

de bone: if me tell call me de vat, de ye call de moder o de Dog, de Bich; call me de son o de Bich.

Enter Fulgentio.

Ful. Count *Machvile* waites your honour i'th Hall.

Ray. Do't, and be more then common in our favour;
Here take this Ring for thy more credit:
Farewell, be quicke and secret. *Exeunt.*

Gio. Folly goe from my tongue, the *French* so nigh,
And thou halfe ruin'd *Spaine*, so wretchedly provided;
Strange, yet not, all Countries have bread monsters:
'Tis a Proverbe as plaine as true, and aged as 'tis both:
One tainted Sheepe infects a whole flocke.
Machvile that tainted beast, whose spreading ills
Infecteth all; and by infecting kills.
Ile to the *French*, what he intends to be
Our ruine; shall confound their villany. *Exit.*

Act Fifth. Scene 1.

Enter the King, Antonio, *old Taylor*, Evadne, Aurelia, *the* King *and* Antonio *whisper.*

King.

FOr this discovery be still *Antonio*,
The frowning Law, may with a furrowed face
Hereafter looke upon; but nere shall touch
Thy condemn'd body. Here from a Kings hand,
Take thy *Aurelia*; our command shall smooth
The rising billowes of her Fathers rage,
And charme it to a calme: let one be sent
To certifie our pleasure, we wo'd see him.

Old Tay. Your graces Wil shall be in all obey'd.

King. Thy loyall love, makes thy King poore.

Old

Old Tay. Let not your judgement, Royall ſir, be queſtion'd,
To terme that love, was but a ſubjects duty. *Exit.*
King. You ſent the poyſon, did you?
Ant. Yes, and it like your grace, the Apothecary
Cald it a ſtrong provocative to madneſſe.
King. Did not he queſtion what you us'd it for?
Ant. O my diſguiſe ſaved him that labour, ſir,
My habit, that was more Phyſitian than my ſelfe,
Told him 'twas to diſpatch ſome property
That had beene torter'd with five thouſand drugges
To try experiment: another man
Sha'nt buy the quantity of ſo much Rats-bane
Shall kill a Flea, but ſhall be had forſooth
Before a Juſtice, be queſtion'd; nay, perhaps
Confin'd to peepe throw an Iron grate:
When your Phyſitian may poyſon, who
Not, *cum privilegio*: it is his trade.

Enter Giovanno.

Evad. O my *Sebaſtine.*
Gio. Peace my *Avadne*, the King muſt not yet know me.
Evad. My brother has already made you knowne.
Gio. Wil't pleaſe your Highneſſe?
King. What *Sabaſtiano*, to be ſtill a King
Of Univerſall *Spaine*, without a Rivall?
Yes, it does pleaſe me, and you miniſters
Of my ſtill growing greatneſſe, ſhall e're long
Find I am pleas'd with you, that boldly durſt
Plucke from the fixed arme of ſleeping Juſtice
Her long ſheath'd ſword; and whet the ruſty blade
Upon the bones of *Muchvile*, and his
Confederate Rebells.
Gio. That my Lord is yet to doe, let him mount higher.
That his fall may be too deepe for reſurrection;
They're gone to the great Hall, whither wilt pleaſe your

Grace diſguiſed to goe, your perſon by our care ſhall be
Secure. Their *French* troopes I have ſent as uſeleſſe into
France, by vertue of *Raimonds* Ring, which he gave
Me to bid the Generall by that token
To march to this City.

King. What ſay the Colonells will they aſſiſt me?

Ant. Doubt not my Lord.

King. Come then, lets goe guarded, with ſuch as you
'Twere ſinne to feare, were all the world untrue. *Exeunt*.

Enter Taylers.

Old. Now for the credit of Taylers.

3 *Tay*. Nay, Maſter and we doe not act as they ſay,
With any Players in the Globe of the world,
Let us be baited like a Bull for a company of
Strutting Coxecombes: nay we can act I can tell you.

Old. Well I muſt to the King; ſee you be perfect,
Ile move it to his Highneſſe. *Exit*.

1 *Tay*. Now my Maſters are we to doe; d'e marke me,
doe——

3 *Tay*. Doe; what doe? Act, act, you foole you, do ſaid you, what doe? you a Player, you a Plaſterer, a meere durt dawber; and not worthy to bee mentioned with *Virmine*, that exact Actor: doe, I am aſham'd on't, fie.

2 *Tay*. Well ſaid *Virmine*, thou tickleſt him y'faith.

4 *Tay*. Doe, pha.

1 *Tay*. Well play; we are to play a play.

3 *Tay*. Play a play a play, ha, ha, ha; O egredious nonſenſenſicall wigeon, thou ſhame to our croſſe-legg'd corporation; thou fellow of a ſound, play a play; why forty pound golding of the beggers *Theater* ſpeakes better, yet has a marke for the ſage audience to exerciſe their dexterity, in throwing of rotten apples whilſt my ſtout Actor pockets, and then eates up the injury: play a play, it makes my worſhip laugh yfaith.

2 Tay. To him *Virmine*, thou bitst him yfaith.

1 Tay. Well, act a Play before the King.

2 Tay. What play shall we act?

3 Tay. To fret the *French* the more, we will act strang but true, or the stradling Mounsieur, with the *Neopolita* Gentleman between his legges.

2 Tay. That wo'not act well.

3 Tay. O giant of incomperable ignorance: that wo'no act well, ha, ha, that wo'not doe well, you Asse you.

2 Tay. You bit him for saying doe: *Virmine* leave biting you'd best.

1 Tay. What say you to our Spanish Bilbo?

3 Tay. Who *Ieronimo?* 1 Tay. I.

3 Tay. That he was a mad rascall to stab himselfe.

1 Tay. But shall wee act him?

2 Tay. I let us doe him.

3 Tay. Doe againe, ha.

2 Tay. No, no, let us act him.

3 Tay. I am content.

1 Tay. Who shall act the Ghost.

3 Why marry that will I, I *Virmine*.

1 Thou dost not looke like a Ghost.

3. A little Players deceite: flower will doe't; Marke me, I can rehearse, marke me rehearse some:
When this eternall substance of the soule
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
I was a Tayler in the Court of *Spaine*.

2 Tay. Courtier *Virmine* in the Court of *Spaine*.

3 Tay. I, there's a great many Courtiers *Virmine* indeed: Those are they beg poore mens livings;
But I say, Tailer *Vermine* is a Court Tailer.

2 Tay. Who shall act *Ieronimo?*

3 Tay. That will I:
Marke if I doe not gape wider than the widest
Mouth'd Fowler of them all, hang me:
" Who calls *Ieronimo* from his naked bed: haugh!

Now for the passionate part—
Alas it is my sonne *Horatio.*

1 *Tay.* Very fine: but who shall act *Horatio?*

2 *Tay.* I, who shall doe your sonne?

3 *Tay.* What doe, doe againe: Well I will act *Horatio.*

2 *Tay.* Why you are his father.

3 *Tay.* Pray who is fitter to act the sonne, than the father That begot him.

1 *Tay.* Who shall act Prince *Belthazer* and the King?

3 *Tay.* I will doe Prince *Belthazer* too: and for the King Who but I? which of you all has such a face for a King, Or such a leg to trip up the heeles of a Traytor?

2 *Tay.* You will doe all I thinke.

3 *Tay.* Yes marry will I; who but *Virmine?* yet I will Leave all to play the King:
Passe by *Ieronimo.*

2 *Tay.* Then you are for the King?

3 *Tay.* I bully I.

1 *Tay.* Lets goe seeke our fellowes, and to this geere.

3 *Tay.* Come on then. *Exeunt.*

A table and stooles set. Enter Brave,

Men of our needfull profession, that deale in such commodities as mens lives, had need to looke about 'em 're they trafficke: I am to kill *Raimond*, the Devills cozen german, for he weares the same complexion: but there is a right Devill that hath hired me, that's Count *Machvile.* Good Table conceale me, here will I wait my watch-word: but stay, have I not forgot it (Then) I then is my arme to enter. I heare them comming.

Goes under the table.

Enter the King, Antonio, *old* Tayler, Evadne, Aurelia, *above.* Machvile, Raimond, Philippa, Auristella, Giovanno, *the Colonells, with a guard below.*

Mach. Pray take your seats.

Rai.

Ray. Not well, prethee retire.
Phi. Sicke, ſicke at heart.
An. Well wrought poiſon, O how joy ſwells me.
Ant. You ſee my Lord the poiſon is boxt up. *above.*
Phi. Health waite upon this Royall company.
King. Knowes ſhe we are here?
Ant. O no my Lord, 'tis to the twins of treaſon:
Machvile, and *Raymond.*
Ful. Royall, there's ſomething in't.
Aler. It ſmells ranke o'th Traytor.
Ran. Are you i'th wind on't?
An. Will you leave us?
Phi. I cannot ſtay; O I am ſicke to death. *Exit.*
An. Or Ile nere truſt poiſon more.
Mach. Pray ſeate your ſelves
Gentlemen, though your deſerts have merit (*They ſit about*
And your worth's have deſerv'd nobly; *the Table.*
But ingratitude, that ſhould be baniſht
From a Princes breaſt, is *Philips* favorite.
King. *Philip* Traytor, why not King? I am ſo.
Ant. Patience good my Lord; ile downe. *Exit.*
Mach. It lives too neere him:
You that have venter'd with expence of blood,
And danger of your lives, to rivet him
Unto his Seate with peace: you that in War
He term'd his *Atlaſſes*, and preſt with praiſes
Your brawny ſhoulders; cald you his *Coloſſuſes*,
And ſaid your lookes frighted tall war
Out of his territories: now in peace,
The iſſue of your labour: this bad man,
Philip I meane, made of ingratitude,
Wo'not afford a name, that may diſtinguiſh
Your worthy ſelves from Cowards:
Civet Cats ſpotted with Rats dung,
Or a face like white broth, ſtrew'd o're with Currance
For a ſtirring Caper, or itching Dance; to

Pleaſe my Lady *Vanity*, ſhall be made
A ſmocke Knight.
King. Villaine, muſt our diſgrace mount thee?
Ful. To what tends this?
Aler. What meanes Count *Machvile*? *Enter* Antonio
Au. To be your King; fie on this circumſtance, *below.*
My longing will not brooke it: ſay,
Will you obey us as your Kings and Queenes. *aſide.*
Ful. My Lord *Antonio.*
Ant. Confine your ſelves, the King is within hearing; therefore make ſhow of liking *Machviles* plot: let him Mount high, his fall will bee the deeper: my life you ſhall bee ſafe.
Au. Say, are you agreed?
Ray. If not weele force you to't:
Speake *French* man, are our forces i'th City?
Gio. Wee Mounſier.
Aler. Ful. Pan. We acknowledge you our King.
King More Traytors.
Mach. Why then. *The brave ſtabs* Raymond.
Ray. Ha, from whence this ſuddaine Miſchiefe?
Did you not ſee a hand arm'd with the fatall
Ruine of my life.
Gio. None paw Signior.
Mach. Ha, ha, ha; lay hold on thoſe *French* Souldiers,
Away with them. *Exeunt guard with the French Colonels.*
Ray. Waſt thy plot *Machvile*? goe laughing to thy grave.
Au. Alaſſe my Lord is wounded. (*Stabs him.*
Ray. Come hither *French* man, make a dying man
Bound to thy love; goe to *Philippa*,
Sickly as ſhe is bring her unto me;
Or my flying ſoule will not depart in peace elſe:
Prethee make haſt: yet ſtay, I have not breath
To pay thy labour.
Shrinke yee, you tweene-borne *Atlaſſes*, that beare
This my neere ruin'd world; have you not ſtrength

To beare a curſe, whoſe breath may taint the aire,
That this Globe may feele a univerſall plague.
No, yet beare up, till with a vengefull eye
I out-ſtare day, and from the dogged sky
Plucke my impartiall Star: O, my blood
Is frozen in my veines --- farewell revenge --- me ---- dyes.

Aler. They need no Law.

Ful. Nor Hang-man.

Pan. They Condemne, and execute without a Jury.

Enter Philippa *mad.*

Phi. I come, I come; nay fly not, for by Hell
Ile plucke thee by the Beard, and drag thee thus
Out of thy fiery Cave. Ha, on yonder hill
Stand troopes of divills waiting for my ſoule:
But Ile deceive 'em, and inſtead of mine,
Send this ſame ſpotted Tygers. *Stabs Auriſtella.*

Au. Oh.

Phi. So, whilſt they to hell
Are poſting with their prize, Ile ſteale to Heaven:
Wolfe doſt thou grin? ha, is my *Raymond* dead?
So ho, ſo ho: come backe
You ſutty Fiends tha thave my *Raymonds* ſoule,
And lay it downe, or I will force you do't:
No, won't you ſtir? by *Stix* Ile baite you for't:
Where is my Crowne? *Philippa* was a Queene,
Was ſhe not ha? Why ſo, where is my Crowne:
O you have hid it ---- ha, wa'ſt thou *Over throwes*
That rob'd *Philippa* of her *Raymonds* life? *the Table.*
Nay I will nip your wings, you ſhall not fly;
Ile plucke you by the guarded front: and thus
Sinke you to hell before me. *Stabs the Brave.*

Bra. Oh, oh.

Phi. What downe, ho, ho, ho:
Laugh, laugh, you ſoules that fry in endleſſe flames;

Ha,

Ha, whence this chilneſſe --- muſt I dye ---- nay then,
I come, I come; nay weepe not for I come:
Sleepe injur'd ſhadow, O death ſtrikes dumbe. *dyes.*
Au. *Machvile* thy hand, I can't repent, farewell:
My burthened conſcience ſinkes me downe to hell. *Dyes.*
Mach. I cannot tarry long, farewell; weele meet
Where we ſhall never part: if here be any
My life has injur'd, let your charity
Forgive declining *Machvile*: I am ſorry.
Ant. His penitence workes ſtrongly on my temper.
Of diſguiſe, ſee falling Count: *Antonio* forgives thee.
Mach. *Antonio*, O my ſhame,
Can you whom I have injur'd moſt pardon my guilt?
Give me thy hand yet nearer, this imbrace
Betray's thee to thy death: ha, ha, ha. *Stabs him.*
So weepes the *Ægyptian* monſter when it kills,
Waſh't in a floud of teares; could'ſt ever thinke
Machviles repentance could come from his heart;
No, downe *Coloſſus* Author of my ſin,
And beare the burthen mingled with thine owne, *Enter the*
To finiſh thy damnation. King, Aur. Evad.
King. Accurſed villaine, thou haſt murther'd him *old Tay.*
That holds not one ſmall drop of loyall blood:
But what is worth thy life.
Evad. O my brother.
Gio. Give him ſome ayre, the wound cannot be mortall.
Au. Alas he faints, O my *Antonio*:
Curſt *Machvile*, may thy ſoule ---
Ant. Peace, peace *Aurelia*; be more mercifull:
Men are apt to cenſure, and will condemne
Thy paſſion, call it madneſſe, and ſay thou
Wantſt Religion: nay weepe not ſweet,
For every one muſt dye: it was thy love,
For to deceive the Law, and give me life:
But death you ſee has reacht me, O, I dye;
Blood muſt have blood, ſo ſpeakes the Law of Heaven:

I ſlew the Governour, for which raſh deed:
Heaven, fate, and man, thus make *Antonio* bleed. *Dyes.*
Mach. Sleepe, ſleepe great heart, thy vertue made me ill
Authors of vice, 'tis fit the vitious kill:
But yet forgive me, Oh, my great heart
Diſſolves like ſnow, and leſſons to a Rhume,
Cold as the envious blaſts of Notherne wind:
World how I lov'd thee, 'twere a ſin to boaſt;
Farewell, I now muſt leave thee; my life
Growes empty with my veines: I cannot ſtand, my breath
Is as my ſtrength, weake; and both ſeaz'd by death:
Farewell ambition catching at a Crowne,
Death tript me up, and head-long threw me downe. *Dyes.*
King. So falls an exhalation from the ſky,
And's never miſt becauſe unnaturall;
A birth begotten by incorporate ill:
Whoſe uther to the gazing World is wonder.

Enter Petruchio.

Alas good man, thou'rt come unto a ſight
Will try thy temper, whether joy or griefe
Shall Conquer moſt within thee; joy lyes here
Scater'd in many heapes: theſe when they liv'd,
Threatned to teare this balſome from our brow,
And rob our Majeſty of this Elyxar; *points to his*
I'ſt not my right? was not I heire to *Spaine?* *Crowne.*
Pet. You are our Prince, and may you live
Long to injoy your right.
King. But now looke here, 'tis plaine griefe has a hand
Harder than joy; it preſſeth out ſuch teares.
Nay riſe.
Pet. I doe beſeech your Grace not to thinke me
Contriver of *Antonio's* ſcape from death,
'Twas my diſloyall daughters breach of duty.
King. That's long ſince pardon'd.
Pet. You're ſtill merciſull.
King. *Antonio* was thy ſonne, I ſent for thee

For to confirme it, but he is dead:
Be mercyfull, and doe not curſe the hand
That gave it him, though it deſerve it.
Au. O my griefes, are you not ſtrong enough
To breake my heart? pray tell me, tell me true;
Can it be thought a ſin? or is it ſo,
By my owne hand to eaſe my breaſt of woe?
King. Alas poore Lady; riſe, thy Father's here.
Pet. Looke up *Aurelia*, ha, why doe you kneele?
Gio. For a bleſſing.
Pet. Why ſhe is not *Aurelia*, doe not mocke me.
King. But he is *Sebaſtiano* and your ſonne;
Late by our hand made happy by injoying
The faire *Evadne* dead *Antonio's* ſiſter:
For whoſe ſake he became a Tayler,
And ſo long liv'd in that meane diſguiſe.
Pet. My joy had bin too great if he had liv'd,
The thrifty heaven's mingle our ſweets with gall;
Leaſt being glutted with exceſſe of good,
We ſhould forget the giver. Riſe *Sebaſtiano*
With thy happy choiſe, mayſt thou live crown'd
With the injoyment of thoſe benifits,
My prayers ſhall beg for: riſe *Aurelio*,
And in ſome place bleſt with religious prayers,
Spend thy left Remnant.
Au. You adviſe well: indeed it was a fault
To breake the bonds of duty, and of law;
But love, O Love; thou whoſe all conquering power,
Builds Caſtles on the hearts of eaſie maides,
And makes 'em ſtrong unto attempt thoſe dangers:
That but rehearſt before, wo'd fright their ſoules
Into a Jelly. Brother, I muſt leave you;
And Father, when I ſend to you a note, that ſhall
Deſire a yearely ſtipend to that holy place
My tyred feet has found to reſt them in;
Pray confirme it.

And now great King *Aurelia* begs of you,
To grace *Antonio* in the mournefull March
Unto his grave, which be where you thinke fit:
We need not be inter'd both in one Vault.
King. Blest Virgin, thy desires I will performe.
Au. Then I leave you, my prayers shall still attend you;
As I hope yours shall accompany me.
Father your blessing; and ere long expect
To heare where I am entertain'd a *Nunne.*
Brother, and Sister, to you both adue;
Antonio dead, *Aurelia* marries new. *Exit.*
Pet. Farewell girle, when I remember thee,
The Beades I drop shall be my teares. *Enter* Vermine *in*
King. She's to all virgins a true mirror; *a Cloake for the*
They that wo'd behold true love, reflect on her: *Prologue.*
There 'tis ingross'd.
3 *Tay.* Great King, our Grace ——
Old Tay. The King is sad, you must not act.
3 *Tay.* How? not act?
Shall not *Vermine* act?
Old Tay. Yes you shall act, but not now;
The King is indispos'd.
3 *Tay.* Well then, some other time; I *Virmine*
The *King* will act before the King.
Old. Very good, pray make your *Exit.*
3 *Tay.* Ile muster up all the Taylers in the *The King and*
Towne, and so tickle their sides. *Gio. whisper.*
Old. Nay thou'rt a right *Virmine*, goe be not
Troublesome. *Exit Virmine.*
Gio. Upon my truth and loyalty great King,
What they did was but fain'd, meerely words
Without a heart: 'twas by *Antonio's* Counsell.
King. Thou art all truth: rise. *The Colonells kneele.*
Omnes. Long live King *Philip* in the calme of peace,
To exercise his Regall Clemency.
King. Take up *Antonio's* body, and let the rest

Finde Christian buriall: mercy befits a King,
Come trusty Tayler,
And to all Countries let swift Fame report,
King *Philip* made a Taylers house his Court.

Old. Your grace much honours me.

King. We can't enough pay thy alone deserts,
Kings may be poore, when Subjects are like thee,
So fruitfull in all loyall vertuous deeds:
March with the Body we'le performe all Rights,
Offable Ceremony: that done,
We'le to our Court, since all our owne is won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.